

1489. d. 21

THE
BANISH'D
BEAUTY:
OR, A
Fair FACE in *Disgrace*,
A
POEM.

*Is She not Fair, as Painting can express,
Or Youthful Poets fancy when they love? Rowe.*

LONDON:

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THE
BANKERS
BEAUTY

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Or youthful Poets fancy when they lose?
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Printed and sold by T. Egerton, in Pall Mall, and by the Booksellers,
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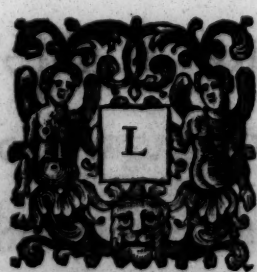
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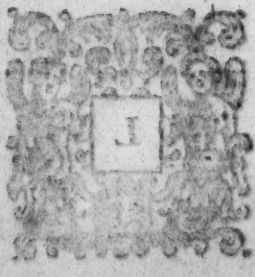
THE DANSH'D

BEAUTY.



LET jarring Realms, and Europe's doubtful State,
 Of Politicians belab'rd Debate;
 Stocks, languish'd Trade, let such, their Subjects make,
 And plead, and bellow for their Country's Sake;
 A more important Theme demands the Muse,
 A Theme, She neither can, nor dares refuse,

A Theme, from whence her fairest Lawrels spring,
 Which first inspir'd, and taught her first to sing;
 'Tis Beauty calls her; and in Beauty's Cause,
 Her Lays are ready, and her Pen she draws;
 Yet think *Clarissa*! what her Pangs must be,
 To sing in Sorrow, when she sings of Thee.

In matchless Lustre lately did'st thou shine,
 Nor knew the *Court* a brighter Name than Thine?
 Of Wit and Beauty had'st thou ev'ry Grace?
 (Thy *Mind* the only Rival of thy *Face*;) 
 O'er thy own Sex triumphant did'st thou reign,
 And bid them put forth all their Charms in vain? 
 Was this thy Empire, till *Lorenzo's* Ire,
 Mean and inglorious, did thy Fall conspire?
 To his dread *Liege* thy keen Rebukes convey'd,
 And gave thy weak despairing Sex his Aid?  
 If so he thinks, *His* Triumph let it be,
 And still new Cause of just Contempt from *Thee*;
 Thy Wrongs, *bright Exile*! like thy self endure,
 And let the Muse thy injur'd Beauty cure;
 The Muse with faithful Service shall attend, 
 And be, at all Events, *Clarissa's* Friend,
 With joyful Pains Thy every Merit trace,
 And shew Thee even bright'ned by *Disgrace*.

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Nor think thy Beauty claims her Lays alone,
 She has a Debt of Gratitude to own,
 Since in her Cause, you wag'd a generous War,
 And urg'd your *Stout* Antagonist so far,
 That, thy superior Arguments to close,
 He vengeful, made the *Court* and *Beauty*, Foes.

The Task be thine, at large, much envied G—y?
 Thy own, and every Muse's Debt to pay,
 Nor let the *Fair*, who rose in the Defence
 Of *Wit*, *just Satyr*, *Truth*, and *common Sense*,
 In These her Moments of *Dishonour*, find,
 Thy *pointed* Numbers, like the C—— unkind.

From bold *MACHEATH* awhile thy Rage withdraw,
 And let him, still uncensur'd, brave the Law,
 Attack, Despoil, with a rapacious Hand,
 And deal to Tools the *Plunder* of a Land;
 Give him, *kind Bard!* the Grace of *thy* Reprieve,
 And to his own dark *Breast* the *Robber* leave;
 He'll find, when trembling late with Guilt and Fear,
 No *Stings*, no *Satire* are excluded *There*.
Lorenzo be thy *Satire's* present View;
 'Tis a Resentment to *Clarissa* due:

B

Ask

Ask him, what Warmth could urge him to despise
 The brightest *Judgment*, and the brightest *Eyes*;
 Could it arraign his *Prudence*, to submit,
 When *Beauty* soft'ned the Attacks of *Wit*?
 Or could it taint his *Honour*, to be meek,
 And, unresenting, hear a *Lady* speak?

When *Greece* and *Troy*, as say Great *Homer's* Strains,
 With fierce embatt'led Numbers throng'd the Plains,
 And when their clashing Arms, and Martial Rage
 Did in their Contests all the *Gods* engage;
 Unaw'd, in Slaughter did *Tydidēs* move,
 And wound with daring Arm the *Queen of Love*?
 Rough was *He* form'd, unfashion'd for a Court,
War was his *Feast*, and *Cruelty* his *Sport*:
 From Him, *Lorenzo*, would'st Thou Pattern take?
 In Courage, first, Thyself an equal make:
 But 'twas Thy Merit to be train'd *Polite*,
 And rather taught the Art to *Wooe*, than *Fight*.
 At *Beauty's* Altar daily did'st thou vow;
 Then, whence a Carriage quite so diff'rent, *now*?
 Could'st Thou not use, for once, the *Courtier's* Guile,
 Carests thy Foe, and tho' offended, Smile?

Rallied

[7]

Rallied by Woman, think it no Disgrace?
 And let her *Tongue* be pardon'd, for her *Face*?
 Such is the Conduct should *Lorenzo* boast;
 Were not *Lorenzo* in the *Statesman* lost.
 Repent of *lovely Woman* thy Disdain,
 And to thy *former Self* return again:
 Make Thy Submission to the *Banish'd Fair*,
 Confess her Beauty, and her Wrongs repair.

No, no, *Lorenzo* is too proud to yield,
 And when he once has gain'd, to quit the Field;
 The Sanction of his *Dignity* and *Post*,
 With Insolence unparallel'd, He'll boast,
 Facts charg'd upon him, nor deny, nor own,
 But poorly fly for Shelter to the——

What! by *Lorenzo* is That——abus'd,
 At which, his *ROYAL MASTER* stood accus'd?
 Fresh Charges does he still presume to bring,
 And in the *injur'd PRINCE*, to court the *KING*?
 Whilst frantick Humours in his Brain prevail,
 Trots He industrious on each *Gossip's* Tale?
 Does He at *Empire*, and at *Beauty* strike?
 And wound his *SOVEREIGN*, and the *Fair* alike?

Once

Once more, disdain, *Clarissa!* to repine,
 And let the Muse assure the Conquest Thine;
 The Lustre of the *Court* impair'd we see,
 (Impair'd indeed,——because depriv'd of Thee;)
 In thy Disgrace the *First* does more than Share;
 The *Banishment* is *Thine*; The *Loss* is *There*.



And when he once has *S. I N I S*



And wound his *SOVEREIGN*, and the *Fair* alike?

